Dem. Relent ſweete *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her Fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſan. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranckt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweete Lady) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius*, thought to haue ſpoke thereof;
But being ouer full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*; what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your
Ege. With duty and deſire, we follow you.
Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your ch
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt
Her. Belike for want of raine; which I c
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of my eyes
Lyſ. Eigh me; for ought that I could eu
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true loue neuer did runne ſm
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O croſſe! too high to be inthrald to
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of year
Her. O ſpight! too olde to be ingag'd t
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of
Her. O hell, to chooſe loue by anothers
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſimpathy in choi
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiedge to
Making it momentany, as a ſound;
Swift as a ſhadow; ſhort as any dreame;
Briefe as the lightening in the collied nigh
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen an
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſio
Her. If then true Louers haue bin euer
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followe
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion: therefore hea
I haue a widow Ant, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From *Athens* is her houſe remote ſeuen lea
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne: